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A · MEMORIAL
OF
MRS · MARY · MAY

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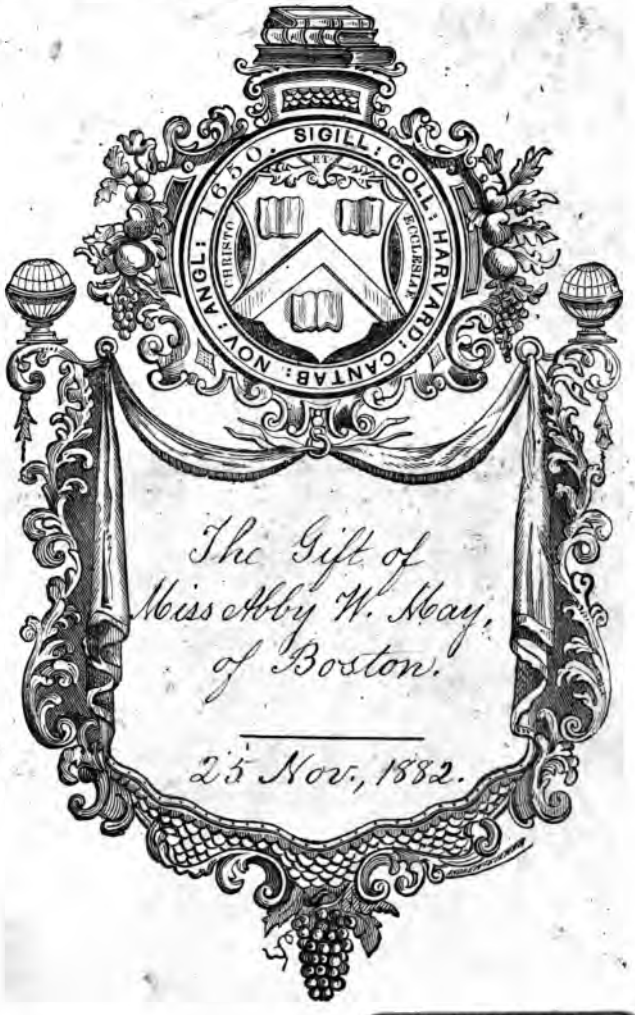

The Gift of
Miss Abby W. May,
of Boston.

25 Nov., 1882.

CARBON PHOTO. ALLEN & ROWELL

IN MEMORY

OF

MARY MAY

(1787–1882)

WIFE OF

SAMUEL MAY

OF BOSTON

(1776–1870)

NOT PUBLISHED

©1882

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1882. Nov. 25,
Gift of
Abby W. May,
of Boston.

Press of Deland & Barta, Boston.

MARY MAY was the second daughter of Joseph Goddard, of Brookline, and was born in that town, December 15, 1787. Her mother was Mary Aspinwall, also of a well-known and much esteemed Brookline family. She had the plain and wise rearing and education of an intelligent farmer's family, in which the parents were examples of industry, prudence and uprightness, good citizens and neighbors, useful members of society, and habitual attendants through life at the Sunday religious service. The children were numerous; the father's steady industry and the mother's wise economy were the only sources of support; and so Mary was taken, when about thirteen years old, into the family of her uncle, Nathaniel Goddard, of Boston, — a prosperous merchant, — becoming the elder among the children of the house. It was a loving home and good school for her, and she tried to do her duty in it. Here, too, she had access to a better school-education than she could have had in Brookline. She always spoke of her uncle and of his family with respect and affection, and her interest in them continued unchanged

through life. At their handsome and attractive residence in Summer Street she was married, July 19, 1809, to Samuel May, a merchant of Boston, and a resident there from his birth to his death. Soon after his death, — which occurred February 23, 1870, at the age of ninety-three years and upward, — her own strength being much impaired by a recent severe illness, she ceased to be the head of a home which, for more than sixty years she had made such, in its best sense, to all her descendants, and to many besides, and became an inmate of the family of her younger daughter, Abby W. May; in which she continued until her death, which occurred March 17, 1882, at the age of ninety-four years, three months and two days.

At the funeral services, which took place at the house, in Exeter Street, on Monday, March 20, all her children were present, all her grandchildren except two, — who were detained by illness or distance of residence, — three of her great-grandchildren, a sister, a brother, numerous other relatives, and a few intimate friends of her old age. At noon the Rev. Frederick Frothingham, of Milton, a near connection, opened the services by reading from the Scriptures. Understanding that Mrs. May had expressed the wish, before his death, that Rev. Nathaniel Hall, of Dorchester, should officiate at her funeral, Mr. Frothingham made use of one of Mr. Hall's manuscript selections, nearly as follows: —

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

'Even to old age,' saith the Lord, 'I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you. I will gather thee to thy fathers, and thou shalt be gathered to thy grave in peace.'

Then shall the dust return to the earth, as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

To die is gain. For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens.

God is not the God of the dead, but of the living; for all live unto Him.

There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

'I am the resurrection and the life,' saith the Lord

Jesus; 'he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live: and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die.'

'Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.'

'In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. Behold, I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I come again, and will receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.'

And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying — neither any more pain; for the former things have passed away.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. And every one that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure.

Wherefore, let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to Him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator.

Rev. Samuel May, of Leicester, her oldest son, said: —

"You will certainly be surprised to hear my voice at this time. Since my mother's death I have learned that it was her wish that I should take part in these services. Such a wish I cannot disregard, feeling sure that she never could have supposed that I would use the occasion for encomium upon herself. If now — among these friends — I try to fulfil her wish in some degree, it is in the hope of not violating, while I do so, the obvious rule which should govern him who speaks of one so nearly associated with all his life. I shall probably seem to you to fail; but I hope you will also be able to forgive me, since, in such a case, even ailure is preferable to disregard.

"Her simple, busy home-life, however long, would seem to furnish no material for remark beyond her immediate family. But a really true life, consistently conformed throughout to a high standard, must always be a subject worthy of our thought. Is not such a life, in truth, the highest attainment we can reach? and the best contribution any one can make to the common cause of human well-being? It is important, too, to show, if we can, that the ordinary events, the common course of life, afford all the needful conditions of so living, and are themselves the soil in which the best qualities of useful and genuine character may find growth.

"I do think — while I make no peculiar claim on her account — that my mother's life has been a consistently true one during all the seventy years in which I have known her, —

and true to a high purpose. This purpose rose and broadened as she acted upon it, led her steadily forward, and inspired the new courage and faith which each new step demanded. I have no reason to think that it ever occurred to her that this purpose had in it aught unusual or worthy of remark. To her it was only an obvious necessity. This purpose, I believe, simply was to do her duty to the extent of her power, in the place where, in the providence of God, her lot was cast.

"Only the first twelve or thirteen years of her life were spent in her father's home. The next nine years were in the family of her uncle Nathaniel, in Boston, where she fulfilled her part in such way as to secure their life-long love and respect. Of course she felt a great increase of responsibility when called to have charge of a family of her own. Then the full, serious — and also joyous — meaning of life came to her. Probably she made no formal resolution; her sufficient purpose being to meet each occasion as it arose, and to be faithful in every relation she held. When one, in her later life, spoke to her of her various efforts for useful ends, and of the satisfaction she must take in remembering them, she replied that the greatest satisfaction of her life was in the thought that she had habitually stayed with her family at home. 'Home is the best place,' were words of hers familiar to us all.

"In her treatment of her children there was nothing formal — no rule of rigorous precision. They knew her as

their best friend. Yet there was no weak condoning of their faults. If wrong had been done there was to be restitution, or other amends, as the case might be. Disobedience was ever controlled and overcome Punctuality and fidelity in school duties were fixed household facts. Above all, the idea of a law of right, greater than any human wisdom or power, was taught both by her precept and example. The daily prayer at the child's bedside never was forgotten; and, on Sunday afternoons, she gathered all the young people in her house to her side, and, in sympathetic voice, which secured their interest, would say, it may be, 'Come, ye children, hearken unto me, I will teach you the fear of the Lord. Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips that they speak no falsehood. Depart from evil and do good. Seek peace and pursue it;' and go on to familiarize their thoughts with hymns and the like, which thus became a part of their life's furnishing and armor. To one of them, whose mind had been alarmed by representations of great suffering in the life to come, she quietly said: 'I do not believe that God will inflict any suffering on us in the next life, more than in this, which is not needful for our good. He can do us no wrong or harm.' The words gave indescribable relief;—if *she* did not believe in those future terrors, and for such reasons, why should any one? To one of her children, at a distant school, writing to her of some unusual plans of boyish amusement, she replied, kindly but firmly dissuading him from the project, 'because,' she said,

'I am afraid you will be led to take some improper step to obtain the needful materials.' In so writing she had touched, as with a needle's point, the centre of what proved a serious peril to the school. Thus was she, in her little domain, a teacher of righteousness and truth, holding the standard high, and showing the danger of any compromise with wrong.

"She was mother of several children when the discussion of entire abstinence from the use of alcoholic drinks came up in Boston, and the full truth of their evil effects was plainly told. She soon saw the vital importance of the question to the welfare of every family, and to the safety of every person; and she also saw the necessity of action, prompt and thorough. In her home that action was taken; for 'the heart of her husband trusted in her,' and he practically approved the entire exclusion. In the sharp contest in Hollis Street Church caused by this subject, during the ministry of Rev. John Pierpont, they both were steadfast friends of that brave and great-souled man.

"Another subject, bringing with it a much greater trial, came in her way. Soon after Mr. Garrison spoke his first words in Boston, the report of them was brought to her by her much-loved nephew, the late Samuel Joseph May, and she was not long in seeing that she had a duty here also. What *she* could effect was not obvious. On the contrary, she was freely told it was wholly impossible that she could do any good; that harm only could come from agitating the

question. She probably did not *say*, 'Then the pillared firmament is rottenness,' but she did see the truth that lies in those words, and she resolved to 'do what she could.' At the least, she could say to all she met, 'This American slavery is a vast wickedness, and this American people is a cruel oppressor of God's children, and a perpetual violator of God's laws;' and she could stand with those who would utter this cry aloud in every quarter of the land. Leader of her family in this also; standing alone for a time, but unanswered and unshaken. There was censure, and worse, of outsiders to be borne; but she bore it without retort, and went on her way. The joy of the final triumph was greatly saddened to her by the multitude of young and innocent lives laid down to secure it. Between herself and Mr. Garrison there grew up a strong friendship, which continued and increased through life.

"Before Rev. Theodore Parker came to Boston she had heard him preach, and had accepted substantially his ground. She saw, with him, that much had been fastened upon Christianity which did not belong to it; that it would be a good thing to let this *transient* portion go, and thereby better secure and render more effective the *permanent*. The life and doctrine of Mr. Parker were, we know, among the mightiest agencies which brought this nation to put away its sin of slaveholding. She was, through all the rest of his life, one of his truest friends, retaining her grateful honor and love for his memory to her last hour. Into what 'solemn

troops and sweet societies' she has entered now, we fain would know, but can only faintly imagine.

"In advanced age she did not tire, or seek in any instance to excuse herself, when a just principle needed support, or a good work called for help. And thus she put her trembling hand, but with a stout heart, to the demand for justice to women.

"Many run well for a time, then get discouraged or weary, and fall away. She kept her face set steadily forward. Faithful she remained to the end. The rule of her early life — to *postpone herself* until her duty to others was done — continued her rule always. If this seems to indicate a monotonous life, it was not so in fact. If it seems improbable, I can only re-affirm my belief that it is essentially true. Herein, doubtless, she has done no more than many others. 'Many daughters have done virtuously,' and will do virtuously; but to her certainly belongs the quite rare distinction of having stood thus true, calm, thoughtful, loving, for *ninety-four years.*

"If her life ever seemed to herself too long — as I think it did, sometimes, after she had ceased to be capable of 'doing with her hands' — it did not to others. The waiting-time abounded, for them, in lessons impressing themselves on the memory, and sinking into the depths of their hearts.

"We can be only grateful for the manner and time of her death. It was indeed long postponed — to an age which

had been seldom reached by any of her kindred — but all its attendant circumstances were favorable and kindly: —

> 'And, watched by eyes that loved her, calm and sage,
> Faded her late-declining years away.'

Every ministration of duty and affection, at the hands, too, of many friends not of her kindred, had been close at hand for her, day and night. Much more — her own mind had remained unclouded, her memory without sign of failure. To the last hour of her consciousness she bore her friends, and their friends, in mind. She had scanned her past with an honest judgment; she was anticipating the future with trust, with reverent humility, and without fear. She was ready. No pang of suffering gave warning to others, or seemingly to herself. Only her head drooped upon her breast, and she had gone! What of bodily life remained for a few hours was only the slow stopping of the machine which had been ever run with conscience towards the great Master-builder. It was the gentlest of touches which told her to come away. It was truly 'the *angel* death;' for God loved her and took her — took her to His side as gently as ever she drew child to hers. It seems something more than either hope or faith which almost makes us to hear the greeting of Him 'who, above all temples, doth prefer the upright heart and pure,' —

"'Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

"I will read," said Mr. May, "some lines just now put in my hand, written by one of her grandchildren:"—*

IN MEMORIAM; MARY MAY.

WHILE, from the snows of winter, flowers spring,
And earth, awakening, doth with new joys sing,
This cherished life, so old, doth but begin
Its infancy.

Not by the wayside bare she sowed the seed;
Greater than Faith or Hope—this was her creed,
To lend her Lord, through brothers in their need,
Sweet Charity.

Of others' burdens sore she bore a part;
The fetters of the bondman in the mart
Her hands unclasped—they found in her dear heart
Fraternity.

In hour of need her country claimed her thought;
To do her share with those who battles fought,
Into each comfort for the camp she wrought
Brave loyalty.

Faithful to cares of home, she deemed it meet
To take Love's footstool for her highest seat,
Proving, like Mary at the Saviour's feet,
Fidelity.

* Samuel May, of Dorchester.

Compassed about with love, fearing no harm,
Her treasures laid on high, under God's arm
She watched and waited for her call, in calm
Serenity.

Taking the well-worn path, for ages trod,
We place thy form, dear friend, beneath the sod,
Knowing thy well-earned meed is, from thy God,
Eternity.

MARCH 20, 1882.

Rev. Frederick Frothingham, of Milton, then spoke: —

"Who would venture to add a word to the tribute, so delicate, so just, so reverent, so modest, to a noble mother from a faithful son? That which no human lips could speak our hearts supply. We make it our own in their Amen.

"What alone we may fitly add to it is our glad, strong thanksgiving that a life deserving such a tribute has been lived. And surely in that we may well rejoice and triumph — none the less, even the more, for our tears and our sense of bereavement and loss; as they attest, in their own way, how great the good that has been given. The word for this presence and this hour is not death, but life; not final loss, but enduring gain; not break-down, but victory. Even for this earth that precious life, whose visible outward term has ended, is not no more. One who filled, so long and so well, so large a place cannot in an instant cease to be. She still lives here, though men call her dead. She lives in the memory, the thought, the heart of

those who loved her. She lives in the lives she has helped to mould and guide. She lives in those bound to her by the closest and most living ties known to this world. She lives in those still remaining here whom she has served and blessed. She lives in the great and goodly works which her hand helped to bring to pass. She lives in the power of her high and beautiful example, that example glorified now by the transfiguring touch of death. What glad, steady, rich, unstinted service she gave! She gave, how truly, where need was! Her hand put once to the plow, she looked not back. Verily she did much. She was much. And this was not because of ostentation and publicity — rather in the quiet of a life that shunned display — but because of the unselfish readiness and wholeness of her devotion. She could not give herself by halves. How strong and cheery the support she gave strong men fighting the battles of the oppressed, the tempted, the wronged! Who can know how much of their effective strength came from this fountain? And what a wealth of tenderness and sweetness was at its source — yes, that deep, undying love, whose fineness only they can know who were privileged to enter the inner circle of her domestic and home life, alone equal to the supply of that never-failing strength! With what benignant, abiding shining that love blessed those near and far! And it went forth to shed its benediction on many who never might know whence that benediction came. A beautiful reward was her happy portion here.

The glorious deliverance which came to the enslaved not only, but to the nation and mankind, and an old age of serene and growing beauty, which at last bore her — with a quiet trust in her heart, no terror at death, no decay of mental life, no obscuration of faith, or gladness, or love — silently and gently into the great mystery which is before us all.

"A life thus through more than four and ninety years keeping its steadfast upward way, achieving the victory of faithfulness, and arriving at such finished beauty for the hour of its translation — is it a matter for tears, and not rather for deep and grateful triumph? A dear young voice, speaking out of its sense of loss, said to me this morning, 'Isn't it sad?' It *is* sad to the child, who misses henceforth the love that has been joyfully lavished, and, in its inexperience, and in the safety of its parents' protection, sees and knows nothing of the perils which beset the noble life, and how hard it is to win its victory. But may not they who have learned something of what is needed to make a truly-conquering life well cry out, —

'Nothing is here for tears,'

but much, rather, for the joy which sings: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul. And *all* that is within me bless His holy name'? For surely here we have a new, beautiful gift from Him, in a noble life again achieved. Here it is — a fact, beyond gainsaying — fulfilled before our eyes, in

our own circle, in our own day and time, and that cannot be taken from us. Here it is, 'which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled,' as it were, a portion of 'the Word of life.' Whatever question or doubt we may feel at the story of other goodly lives, we feel it not here. The great work of building a noble life has again been done. Again has its possibility been demonstrated. And that finished work stands before *us*, — in the grandeur of its many years and the beauty of its final days,— speaking to *us* most special words, whose appeal we may well take home.

"Now it has come to death. In that solemn presence we stand to-day. But if this be to die, pray what is it to live? It is not death! say, rather, it is life in death. Behold the serene, still face as it lies in the last earthly repose, and say if that speaks of death? To be no more — extinguished — blotted out forever? Did her life expect that? did her thought? did her trust? Hers? that brave, strong, earnest, devoted, loving woman's — as full of resolute life the moment the death-shadow fell as at any moment in all her course? Nay! She did not feel that she was born to die. She looked forward to a new place and sphere awaiting her in the onward life. Dead? and yet, as we have seen, so livingly alive even here! Shall such power abide as remains behind her here, and shall it continue while those who knew her live, and she, under God, and because of God, its living centre and source, be no

more, forever? Let those think so who must, or who prefer; a preference which kills the heart of faith and hope, and does needless wrong to the highest human life. But no such word can be spoken here, as the word of either her lips or her life. Both spoke of life — life here, life hereafter. Here, rather, we recall those wondrous words: 'I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' Too livingly did she enter into and was possessed by the Christian faith to give room to any lower or narrower thought. Nor let us do so. Hearken we rather to the voice of the largest, highest, best within us. Till God command, let us do no otherwise. Since He leaves wide open the door for our choice, and by high argument invites thereto, let us take the nobler and not the baser choice. With faith in that, let us look forward for her and for ourselves. Behold her, then, as entered into a new and onward realm of God's universe, with all the wealth of life's experience enriched, the answer to life's prayer opening to her, and she ready and eager for the service of the new sphere which greets her coming. Into it we cannot follow, as yet, save with our thought, our hope, our prayer, our trust. For as yet

> 'We have but faith: we cannot know;
> For knowledge is of things we see.'

But, blessed be God, we can, with all our dear departed ones, think of her as ours still, living, working, waiting, a power, an attraction, no longer in but above the earth, even in the heavens, to draw us heavenward."

The following lines of J. G. Whittier, slightly changed and adapted, were read by Mr. Frothingham:—

"Thanks for the strong soul's beautiful example,
Who, in the vilest, saw
Some sacred crypt or altar of a temple
Still vocal with God's law;

"And heard, with tender ear, the spirit sighing
As from its prison cell;
Praying for pity, like the mournful crying
Of Jonah out of hell.

"Not hers the golden pen's or lip's persuasion,
But a strong sense of right,
And Truth's directness, meeting each occasion,
Straight as a line of light.

"Her faith and works, like streams that intermingle,
In the same channel ran;
The crystal clearness of an eye kept single
Shamed all the frauds of man.

. . . . . .

"And now she rests; her greatness and her sweetness
No more shall seem at strife;

And death has moulded into calm completeness
The statue of her life.

"Where the dews glisten, and the song-birds warble,
Her dust to dust we lay,
In Nature's keeping, with no pomp of marble
To shame her modest way.

"And round her grave are quietude and beauty,
And the sweet heaven above, —
The fitting symbols of a life of duty
Transfigured into love!"

Mr. Frothingham further said: —

"When he whom we call the wisest of men was about to die, one of his disciples, struck by his serenity, asked him to point out to them how they could secure a like serenity when their last hour came. He responded by advising them to charm every day the childish spirit in their breast that dreaded death. 'But whence, O Socrates, can we procure a skilful charmer for such a case, now you are about to leave us?' was the prompt rejoinder. Have not we the answer in the following lines of Mrs. Stowe — at least, those of us who, like our dear departed one, accept and rest in it?

"'We need that charmer, for our hearts are sore
With longings for the things that may not be;
Faint for the friends that shall return no more,
Dark with distrust, or wrung with agony.

"'What is this life? and what to us is death?
Whence came we? whither go? and where are those
Who, in a moment stricken from our side,
Passed to that land of shadow and repose?

"'Are they all dust? and dust must we become?
Or are they living in some unknown clime?
Shall we regain them in that far-off home,
And live anew beyond the waves of time?

"'O man divine! on thee our souls have hung;
Thou wert our teacher in these questions high;
But ah! this day divides thee from our side,
And veils in dust thy kindly-guiding eye.

"'Where is that charmer whom thou bidst us seek?
On what far shores may his sweet voice be heard?
When shall these questions of our yearning souls
Be answered by the bright, Eternal Word?'

"So spake the youth of Athens, weeping round,
When Socrates lay calmly down to die;
So spake the sage, prophetic of the hour
When earth's fair morning-star should rise on high.

"They found Him not, those youths of soul divine,
Long-seeking, wandering, watching on life's shore;
Reasoning, aspiring, yearning for the light,
Death came and found them — doubting as before.

"But years passed on; and lo! the Charmer came,
Pure, simple, sweet, as comes the silver dew;

And the world knew Him not; He walked alone,
Encircled only by His trusting few.

"Like the Athenian sage, rejected, scorned,
Betrayed, condemned, His day of doom drew nigh;
He drew His faithful few more closely round,
And told them that His hour was come — to die.

"'Let not your heart be troubled,' then He said,
'My Father's house hath mansions large and fair;
I go before you to prepare your place;
I will return to take you with me there.'

"And since that hour the awful foe is charmed,
And life and death are glorified and fair;
Whither He went we know, the way we know,
And with firm step press on to meet Him there."

Mr. Frothingham then offered a fervent and reverent prayer, and closed the services with a benediction.

At Forest Hills Cemetery we gathered under the shelter of the great rock at the rear of the place of burial. The day was bright, pleasant and mild. It was a hard duty to put away the face, which told of so much love and goodness, from the light of the sun and from our own sight. As we prepared to do so Mr. Frothingham said: —

"In the beauty of the sunshine, in the dawning of the springtime,— the one speaking of the revival of the life

that seemed to die, the other of the rising of that heavenly day whose sun goeth no more down,— we lay in its kindred dust the mortal form of our dear departed one.

"'The dust returneth to the earth, . . . but the spirit unto God who gave it.' 'I heard a voice saying unto me, write: Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.' 'Neither can they die any more.'"

[From the "Christian Register" of April 20, 1882.]

MRS. MARY MAY

DIED MARCH 17, 1882, AGED 94 YEARS.

A social landmark disappears in the death of this excellent woman. Connected by birth and marriage with some of our oldest and most honored families, all her long life was passed in Boston or its immediate vicinity. Here she was born and reared; here she became the wife of a conspicuous citizen, with whom she lived in the closest mutual affection and respect for more than threescore years, surviving her husband over twelve years; here she reared, in all motherly wisdom and devotion, her own large family of sons and daughters, who now rise up and call her blessed; here, to their numerous children she became the very ideal of a grandmother, and lived to give her benediction to a circle of great-grandchildren; here, at long past the common period, in perfect peace and humility, and in unwavering faith and trust, she passed from a life full of good works to the larger invitations of heaven.

In personal character, in the activity, usefulness and prosperity which attended her steps, in the respect and affection which she enjoyed on every hand, in vigor of mind and body, in warmth of heart and in all true woman-

liness, Mrs. May was a marked character of her time. Uncompromising rectitude was the conspicuous trait in her character. In every position, public or private, her one question was, "What is right?" and, this determined, she saw but one course, and that she followed with consistency, and with the firmness which was a part of her Puritan inheritance. Hesitation in responding to the obvious dictates of duty she could not understand or tolerate. Very lately, referring to a public question, she said, with all her old, incisive manner, "If it is right, why do they not do it?"

This sentiment, in a mind so energetic as hers, made the animating principle of her life the welfare of her fellow-men. The reforms which she deemed right and wise received her frank approval, and secured her consistent and generous support, whether the multitude followed or not. She was an avowed and working abolitionist in the days when the word was a reproach and scoffing. She zealously maintained the principle of religious freedom, and with her husband joined to vindicate it in the persons both of John Pierpont and of Theodore Parker. She was a consistent advocate of total abstinence, and a hearty believer in the principle of peace. She earnestly promoted the movement for equal legal and political rights for women. Local charities and improvements failed never of her cordial interest and help, and for the private appeal to her personal sympathies she had always the kind and

listening ear. But her clear insight and practical wisdom protected her in both greater and lesser things from the fault of indiscriminate giving.

She had entire confidence in the power and safety of the truth. But her genuine kindness and tenderness of heart were a barrier to asperity, and made her the prime object of love and veneration in her wide family and social circle. And, with all her interest in public matters, it was characteristic of her that she always remained a private woman. Her domestic were as strong as her philanthropic instincts, and preserved the balance of her character. Her home was always her centre; and there she reigned, the type of the virtuous woman in whom the heart of her husband may safely trust. A loyal wife, a wise, loving mother, a thorough housekeeper, she proved the possibility of maintaining active interests outside the family, while sedulously discharging every obligation within it. Good order, good cheer, and a boundless hospitality marked her household. About the home where she presided there was a genuinely patriarchal atmosphere, as children and grandchildren, relatives of every degree, and friends, old and young, freely came and went, which makes it delightful to remember, — a picture which will not fade.

It is pleasing that sometimes a career so truly noble as that of Mrs. May should be accompanied by the prosperity which followed hers. She was not exempted from the trials of life, and they helped to make her the wise

and tender woman which she was. But, in a rare degree, happiness, abundance, and health attended her. They made her grateful — they did not make her worldly or selfish. She valued the world for the good that might be done or gained in it. Its frivolity she deplored, as she mourned over its sorrows and evils. She was sincerely religious, though without formality. To the last she retained her interest in all good works, and equally in the happiness of all persons who were in any way related to her. For the remotest members of her family, even for some she never saw, she had a warm thoughtfulness and a remembrance that was surprising. Although her vigor of body became weakness in her latest years, her mental strength and clearness were undiminished. The same good judgment, the same quick thoughtfulness, the same responsive affectionateness, the same crisp utterance, characterized her up to the hour, undreaded by her, when she fell into the quiet slumber from which she was not to awake to earth. She was indeed "a woman nobly planned, to warn, to comfort, and command."

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In memory of Mary May (1787-1882) :
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